

**someone somewhere said all good things end (so what
made me think that this time it'd be different) by
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Summary:

“That’s all you came for?” Bill tries to ignore what seems to be hurt in Will’s voice. “To drop off my stuff?”

Bill feels his lips downturn. He wants to say a thousand things. Yes, actually. You have my heart and I have your shit and I thought we could make a damn fair trade. Maybe you’ll throw in the shirt for kicks? But he says nothing instead, just presses his lips and looks down.

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Author's Note:

hey this is for rubie

title from flannel by the cardboard swords

i really have no explanation for this. i just really like these it/st crossover ships. i'm weak and also wanted to write a breakup fic, and i thought that'd be my first go with these two. i might give wheelbrough a shot next.

“This may be the saddest shit I’ve ever seen.”

The voice makes Bill’s headache even worse somehow. His eyes are dry and probably bloodshot, he feels incredibly dehydrated, and he’s pretty sure he hasn’t showered since Thursday. He hadn’t even asked Richie to come over with Eddie on Sunday, leaving their respective significant others in the dust to go do brunch or whatever middle class, yuppie nonsense that Stan and Mike enjoyed.

“It’s not that sad.” Eddie says, but it seems cautionary. He obviously doesn’t mean what he’s saying and just trying to make Bill feel better.

Bill can hear a quiet *oof* from his place on the couch. “Don’t lie to the heartbroken, Eds. It’s like, immoral and shit.” Richie replies, scandalized.

It’s only moments later, after a slight scuffle that’s out of Bill’s view, that his two friends come and plop down among his mismatching

furniture. Richie makes sure to set down the pizza box he brought on the wooden crate that was serving as a shitty coffee table.

Bill pulls up his flannel blanket to his chin, looking warily at his two friends. "What're yuh-you even doing here?" His voice cracks a bit from disuse and sounds worn from sobbing, but he'd never admit to that.

"Well, B-B-Bill, we were worried about ya, old chap." Eddie elbows Richie in the side for that one, and Richie looks affronted.

Eddie looks sincere, with his big brown doe eyes, and he finds a little comfort in them. Eddie Kaspbrak is his oldest friend after all, and it's only natural that he takes some sort of parental role in his first heartbreak. They've always been like that, with fucked up parents and all.

Eddie's mom was a manipulative bitch and dragged Eddie to the hospital once because Bill had jokingly pushed him into the grass. *You can't go hanging out with that Denbrough boy anymore! He knew about your allergies to springtime grass, Eddie-bear.* Bill thinks about cracking a grin when he thinks about Eddie's piss poor imitation of his mother.

Bill's mother was somehow the opposite, withdrawing at any possible moment. His dad didn't quite understand his interests either, and it only got worse the older he got. When he first came out, his parents didn't understand. What they did understand was his first, and last, girlfriend, but it wasn't like they made a decent effort to get to know her. Which made sense since they didn't make much of an effort to understand their own son.

“We’re worried, Billy.” Eddie’s gnawing on his bottom lip. “We brought pizza, in case you’re hungry.”

Bill looks at them warily from his reclined position on the couch, but slowly drags himself up. His muscles groan in protest as he throws his legs over the side of the couch, sockless feet touching the cold, hardwood floor. God, he wished the heat was better in his building.

In truth, he can’t remember the last time he ate. He also wasn’t hungry, but he still flipped open the pizza box and took a piece.

“I don’t know if you were attempting to hotbox a whole studio apartment, Big Bill,” Richie leans over and grabs a piece for himself, Eddie looking like he’s about to protest. “But let me tell you, you’ve definitely succeeded. Got any weed to share?”

“I didn’t hotbox my apartment, du-duh-dumbass.” Bill wipes at his nose, fingers twitching nervously.

“Smells like it.” his hands go up to push at the bridge of his poorly taped together glasses, also adjusting the beanie that lays over his crazy curls before leaning back in the mustard colored armchair.

Bill had bought that armchair at some second hand shop for fifteen dollars. A steal, really, considering he was just trying to find somewhere for all six of his friends to sit when they came over to his tiny apartment. Will, oh god, Will had helped him pick it out. He remembers that day, yeah.

He gets a little choked up and sets his pizza down on the open lid of the box, feeling his stomach turn. Yeah, Will had said a solid mustard would be better than white with pink floral for a number of reasons. Mostly, conflicting patterns, but also because Bill was a disaster and couldn't handle white furniture.

He remembers handing the old woman behind the counter a five and a ten, Will digging in his too-big thrifted jeans for some change in an attempt to cover the tax.

"Is something wrong?" Eddie's head it titled a bit to the side, voice shocking Bill out of the memory.

Bill runs a shaky hand through his hair, blinking owlishly. "Yeah, uh," He looks nervously between the two. He doesn't want them to think that he's a freak, or hung up on something, or unable to let go. He doesn't want them to know that he's all three of those things, that it's the truth. "Can you sit suh-somewhere else, Richie?"

His friend looks a little confused, but stands up anyway. He brushes away the crumbs from his black sweatpants, which make him look a little silly with his flannel shirt, and flops down on the purple loveseat next to Eddie. "No problem, just gonna sit next to the love of my life then." He puts a big wet smack on Eddie's cheek, the latter promptly pushing him away and wiping it off in disgust.

"We all know you and Stan-" Eddie starts, but is stopped when Bill groans, body sagging back into the couch. "Uh...Bill?"

“Can yuh-you not talk ah-ah-” His throat constricts around the word and he desperately tries to get it out. His tongue seems to have come to some sort of roadblock in his grief.

“About my relationship.” Richie finishes for him, looking a bit sad at his friend’s returned stutter. “Now, I’m no psychiatrist, but maybe you should not be trying to smoke away your issues, yeah?” Eddie looks a little shocked by Richie’s boldness for some reason, but goes along with it.

“Yeah.” Eddie chimes in. “Maybe we should talk about it instead.”

He wants to call them out for being hypocrites because they smoke weed when they have issues. Or are stressed. And he’s both.

Bill hasn’t talked about this situation with anyone, and he didn’t particularly want to start either. They’d been apart for around a month now, and he should be over it. Instead, his mood is shifting constantly. He doesn’t leave his house unless it’s for work. He hasn’t been eating and he’s been avoiding group functions.

Because when he goes to parties, Will is there. Will, who’s having a good time with Mike and Lucas and Dustin, and hell. Even Ben and Bev have a good time when Will is around. Will doesn’t look upset or phased or utterly crushed like Bill does.

And he would know he looks like that because all it takes is a damn mirror. The bags under his eyes have just gotten heavier and his cheeks have caved in a bit. His clothes don’t fit him quite right and his hair never lays flat and his skin looks oddly gray. Something out

of a Tim Burton film, Richie would probably say, if he didn't know that Will loved those movies.

But every once in a while he could drag himself out of bed and head to Richie and Stan's apartment for a few beers and pizza. Stan always drank wine and got tipsy before the rest of them, and it was a little bit humorous to Bill. Bill who'd do anything just to smile a bit these days.

But last time he had gone, Richie and Stan seemed to have forgotten why exactly Bill was upset. Will and Max had shown up, Max with a six pack and Will with nothing but flushed cheeks and glowing eyes.

It has sent him spiralling.

Spiralling so far until he was back to not getting up from his couch again. Back to having everyone wonder why he wasn't answering his phone. Back to getting poked and prodded at by the newest intervention team.

None of them still knew about the breakup, really. No details for them to sit and talk about over brunch or trips to Target or whatever the fuck happy couples did. No, instead his friends got to sit and wonder what sort of breakup could possibly send Bill spiralling this bad. Nothing had ever done so to this extent.

He's gotten good at avoiding Will now, for the most part. He doesn't think his friends will slip up the next time either, since they seem a bit remorseful. Bill has figured out how to drive away from all of their favorite spots, avoiding Will's house, avoiding his place of work,

avoiding where he gets his coffee in the morning.

When people bring up Will in passing, Bill tries not to make some wounded noise and instead, he turns up his nose. He's gotten really good at sorting through the files of his heart and throwing out every one of them that has a trace of Will Byers. He had gotten rid of-

"Is that one of his drawings on the wall?" Eddie's eyes are locked on the exposed brick across the room, looking at a sleek black frame. Bill turns around to look at it, seeing the charcoal sketch that's encased in it. It's a landscape overlooking an apple orchard, one where they had their first date. Bill had almost forgotten it was there.

Bill opens his mouth to defend himself, but no words come out. Richie gets up off the couch and heads towards the painting. Bill wants to yell at his friend to stop, to not touch it, to leave it there for the rest of eternity, but it gets stuck there somewhere in his throat.

The loudmouth goes to inspect Will's drawing, but gets distracted by a different one on his way there. "Oh Eddie dearest, this one is way worse."

Bill can imagine the picture Richie is talking about in his head. It's his own, a drawing of Will laying sleepily in bed. Bill feels himself bristle. "Don't touch it! It's mine!" He snaps.

The mood swings had been bad. He was lashing out when it wasn't necessary, getting defensive over the smallest things. He had made Ben cry last week and he's pretty sure Bev is still mad at him for it. He wouldn't blame her.

“Oh Bill,” Eddie didn’t sound accusing, just sad. He had trailed after Richie to look at the incriminating drawing. Bill felt small, like he was standing on trial for some crime he didn’t even commit. He didn’t want to look his friends in the face, nor did he want to look away from them either. They were an unmovable jury.

“Yeah, Big Bill,” Richie, of all people, let out a huge and heaving sigh. “This is bad. Real bad. We’re gonna fix it.”

“I duh-don’t want to fuh-fix it.”

Eddie just gave him a look that said he didn’t have much of a choice.

Bill Denbrough definitely did not want to fix this.

He was currently standing with a box in hand, filled with miscellaneous items that took his friends about an hour to collect. He can’t think of anything in this box that he actually wants to get rid of. He was perfectly content with all of their places in his small apartment.

Richie had pulled out some Marie Kondo shit, some minimalistic bullshit that he had probably picked up on from being Stan’s boyfriend. They went through every single thing in Bill’s house, held it up, and asked Bill if it brought him any joy. It had taken a while, almost as if Bill was trying to barter with his friends in an attempt to

keep his stuff.

Needless to say, the box was pretty extensive. After knocking on the door, he took a step back in the familiar, dingy hall and looked down into the box. One of Will's too big t-shirts that he would always paint in, the two aforementioned sketches, and four comic books that Bill had bought with his own money under Will's guidance. There was a copy of the Declaration of Independence that had been on Will's gag gift shelf, along with an atrocious orange scarf, a set of Magic The Gather Cards, and even an Iron Man keychain.

A stack of cards and letters that Will had written him were rubber banded together. A stuffed ewok was tucked in a corner of the box on top of a navy blue jacket. The glass chess set rattled every time Bill so much as breathed.

He wanted to smile at that one. He had told Will that with his button up shirts and slightly grumpy demeanor, the shorter boy would make the perfect contender for grandpa of the year. That he could be playing chess with old people in the park in no time. Then Will had told him he'd actually want to do that, but with Bill instead of the elderly. Bill bought him the chess set on his next birthday.

It doesn't matter, they only got to play once before things went to shit.

He's snapped out of his thoughts when the door creaks open, revealing Will Byers. Bill isn't exactly sure what he was expecting, or if he was even expecting anything at all. He looks as beautiful as he always does though, chestnut hair tousled with sleep and-

Oh, that was Bill's flannel he was wearing. From that night they went running through the rain. Bill had left it out on Will's bed to dry, insisting that it didn't go in the dryer because he liked the smell of the rain on it. And it's not like he could get it back on since it was sopping anyway, but he had forgotten about it completely.

He had forgotten about a lot of things, he figures, and all the things in the box were starting to jog his memory.

"Hey- Oh." Will sounded a bit shocked, but schooled his features a bit. His eyes were still wide with a little bit of wonder, but Bill didn't think it was anything but curiosity. A tiny part in his heart screamed that Will was happy to see him. "Bill."

"Yuh-yeah, I just wanted to," He paused, holding out the box.

Will looked a little sad, Bill supposed. "Why don't you come in? You know how my neighbors are." His voice was sleepy, as if he had just woken up. It was two in the afternoon.

Bill didn't trust his voice, so he just nodded. Will took a step to the side and let Bill in, and it sort of felt like he was coming home. This was the place, he thought idly, this was the place that made him feel all fuzzy inside. Made him feel in love.

The thought was snuffed out by the bitterness falling into his chest.

"Wuh-wuh-where do you want it?" Bill managed to get out, sounding

somewhat agitated. He wanted to leave as soon as he had stepped into the door. It's like he had been brought to the top of the world and dropped there as soon as he reached the maximum height.

The apartment hadn't changed much, to Bill's dismay. All of Will's furniture matched for the most part, not all in disarray like Bill's. He had one couch, a real coffee table, a lamp. He lived normally.

He supposes that was part of it, although he doesn't think he'll ever get a confirmation. Bill is too messy, too disorganized, too haphazardly thrown together for Will's taste. Will loved the aesthetic, loved feeling things when he looked at something, and Bill was just an aesthetically displeasing mess.

"That's all you came for?" Bill tries to ignore what seems to be hurt in Will's voice. "To drop off my stuff?"

Bill feels his lips downturn. He wants to say a thousand things. *Yes, actually. You have my heart and I have your shit and I thought we could make a damn fair trade. Maybe you'll throw in the shirt for kicks?* But he says nothing instead, just presses his lips and looks down.

"I think this was a mistake." Will says, short and clipped. It sounded like he had been building up the bravery to say it, like he had been thinking it since Bill had walked in the door or maybe longer.

"A muh-mistake?" Bill can feel the red rising to his ears and face as his grip on the box gets tighter. "I was just trying to give you your shit back!" He feels his voice rising and the glass chess pieces rattle within the box, louder than anything Bill has ever imagined. "Why is

it always me making the mistakes? Huh, it's never you-"

"Bill." Will's voice doesn't rise at all as he reaches for the box in Bill's hands. He sets it gently on the ground by his feet. The rattling stops.

"Don't *Buh-Bill* me! Just let me talk-"

"I wasn't talking about you bringing my stuff over, Bill." Will sighs heavily, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Now Bill just kind of feels like a jackass, standing there in the middle of Will's living room. He towers over him, so it's not like Will's hand is just resting there. It's deliberate. Takes effort.

"Breaking up." Will says. "Mistake."

It's that moment that Bill actually sees the other man. The man who had probably been sleeping for the past twelve hours, restless which was obvious from the dark circles under his eyes. The defeat in his shoulders. The glint absent from his eye.

Will was hurting just like he was. Bill wanted to laugh more than anything, because god damn. He wasn't the only one suffering for once. Will wasn't just fucking around with him, playing with his vulnerable state of emotions. Will was hurt and Bill was hurt and they were hurt. Because they were both dumbasses.

“Wuh-what? Nuh-no, you bruh-broke up with *muh-me* .” Bill can feel the tears welling up behind his eyes. Will doesn’t get to break up with him and then say it was all a mistake. He had been suffering for a whole damn month when Will thought it was a mistake this whole damn time? Bill knew! Bill knew it was a mistake and now Will was calling the shots.

“Hey.” The firm hand was still on Bill’s shoulder. “Hey, you make me a better person, you know that?” Bill looks up from his balled up fists and straight at Will, who looks incredibly sincere.

“Ruh-ruh-ruh-” He’s choking on the words again.

“Really.” Will confirms, shuffling a little closer so the angle of his arm isn’t so draining. “But the heartbreak has been doing wonders for my art.” Tears are pricking the corner of of his eyes too, and he gives Bill a watery smile.

Bill feels like he’s in some sort of dream, he supposes. Because he laughs, a tear thick laugh, but he’s forgotten what his own laugh sounds like.

“I missed that.” Will’s grip on his shoulder tightens.

“Wuh-what?”

“Your laugh.” He shoves at his shoulder playfully.

“Yuh-you’ve always been a total suh-sap.” Bill says, wiping at his nose and practically leaning into the touch, even if it wasn’t meant to be a soft one. It’s true though, Will had always been the sap even if Bill was the writer. Will had written all the loveletters and heartfelt messages, always the one to send the flowers (even if Bill had thought bouquets were just a capitalistic ploy).

Will seems to draw back his touch for a moment, conflicting thoughts flickering across his face. Bill thinks he’s about to take all of it back, kick him out on his sorry ass and send him back to Eddie and Richie, tail between his legs.

He braces for impact.

Nothing comes.

“Why don’t I go get you a coffee?” Will says instead. “And we can talk this out, for real. Baby steps and stuff.” He finishes a bit lamely, feet shuffling on the ground.

“You’re gonna to make coffee?” The stutter disappears for a moment and Bill’s voice is incredibly light, a quip about to come off his tongue. Will couldn’t make coffee to save his life, for some reason.

“Shut it, asshole.” Will says defensively. “How about we go and talk this out at the coffee shop down the street?”

A thing called hope makes it's way into Bill's heart, a tiny little flame that doesn't get snuffed out by all of the bitterness this time. He thinks if he treads carefully, the little flame could grow a bit. But he doesn't want to get too ahead of himself. Afterall, sometimes talking didn't end well.

"Thu-that sounds nice." Bill agrees, trying to school the grin that is threatening to break out across his face, but it's hard when Will has his sunshine smile on.

Will moves to go grab his shoes and it's only moment before he's at the door, the premise of Bill's arrival totally leaving his mind. If Bill was honest, he had forgotten about the box too. Especially since Will looked at him expectantly.

"It's nice to know after all this time, you still move like pond water." Will chides.

Bill stumbles towards the door, somehow relieved that a month has felt like a lifetime to Will too.

Author's Note:

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